career had got dried up and had rendered me unfit altogether for any lively participation in any earthly concern. To me this change into an altogether new state of things in my new abode appeared highly beneficial at this juncture and I seemed to feel much less the pangs of separation from home and its homely, softening influences, as I found somewhat an opportunity now, to mix with a soft sisterly and genial set of people working there in the Asylum.

IV.

However, for all these advantages, it was only a mad house after all, and it could not be my good fortune, to enjoy those privileges for very long. There came a European soldier, just a few days after I had come, displacing me from my privileged seat, so to say, and aggrandising all care and attention from the inmates of the place to himself, by his jovial and at the same time queer habits.

Some three or four other European soldiers

brought him one morning and had him admitted as a patient, in our Asylum* He came to